

The Holly Leaf

State Teachers College
Salisbury, Md.

October 1940

Volume 1, Number 1



THE HOLLY LEAF



Volume I

Number 1

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Barbara Willing
Associate Editor	Josephine Taylor
Faculty Adviser	Dr. Anne H. Matthews
Alumni Editor	Mrs. Anna Jones Cooper
Reporters	Sara Bradley
	Emily Clinard
	Augusta Heath
	James Hyde
	Edwin Kircher
	John Reed
	Jeanette Rencher
	Virginia Rose Vincent
	Leslie Glover Calhoun
Athletic Reporters	Goldy Tyler
	William Newcomb
	Evelyn Vincent
	Betty Carey
Typists	Margaret Beauchamp
	Marylee Ruark
	Margaret Rhodes
	Georgia White
Photographers	Carroll Speck
	Olin Bedsworth

Business Staff

Business Mgr.	Charles Lavery
Assistant Mgr.	Edward Dougherty
Faculty Adviser	Dr. John B. May
Solicitors	Betsey Collison
	Mary Lee Moore
	Virginia Kuenzle
Typist	Edward Fatzer

Published Quarterly During the School
Year by State Teachers College
Printed by The Salisbury Advertiser,
Salisbury, Maryland.

Subscription Price \$1.00 per year.
Third Class Matter.

Contents for October

As You Like It	4
The Value of Time	Maver Robinson 4
The Man of Wonder	Edwin C. Kemp 5
Radio Forum	E. C. 6
I Wonder	Mildred Murphy 6
Salisbury Alphabet	Florence Standiford 6
On Keat's "Ode to a Grecian Urn"	Evelyn Vincent 6
Mattaponi	Elizabeth Hickman 7
Do You Know Your School?	8
A Little Learning Is Dangerous	A Junior 9
Education Through Activity	9
Vibrations	10
Behind That Curtain	11
Sports News	12
Who Will Win?	13
Esprit de Corps	13
Dead or Alive	Evelyn Vincent 13
Alumni Notes	14
Talk — A Playlet	15
One Dish	M. J. Wood 15
Younger Sister	Olin Bedsworth 16-17
Faculty Notes	18
Digressions	19
Table Manners	Marion Pranis 20
What's In a Name?	V. G. 20
A-Pun My Word	20
You Can Be Chic	Orpah Pusey 21
Blunders	22
Key to S.T.C. Exam	22
S.T.C. Versus Webster	23
The Bad Men of S.T.C.	26
The Evils of Procrastination	28

Editorial

As You Like It?

Well, here it is! The first issue of the first volume of a new publication. Do you like it? Do you approve of the change from a newspaper to a magazine? But before asking that, suppose we state the most important reasons for the change.

In the first place — **suitability**. It has been evident during the past several years that the material submitted for publication would lend itself more to a magazine than to a newspaper. Often the news was old before we read it. Is this an improvement?

Second — **participation**. We feel that a magazine offers an opportunity and a privilege to those who are truly interested in literary work. Is this true?

Third — **variety**. Maybe this should be in capital letters to emphasize its importance. We feel that You, our readers at S.T.C. would like the variety of material a magazine affords. Are we right?

These three reasons are only representative of all those which entered into our decision.

Perhaps with all this mania for change, you are wondering why we didn't change the name of the publication also. Did you know that the "Holly Leaf" was so named because of the many holly trees on the Eastern Shore? Of all the colleges in the United States perhaps we are the only teachers college in existence that can use the two names "The Holly Leaf" and "The Evergreen" for its publications, for the Eastern Shore is called "The Land of the Evergreen." In talking with some of the students and some of the faculty about a change in the title, the consensus of comment has been, "Don't change it, not only is it symbolical of the Eastern Shore, but also it's tradition."

The Holly Leaf receptacle is always on the main floor awaiting your contributions and comments.

The Value of Time

MAVER ROBINSON

Class of '44

Of all the gifts of life, time is the most precious. Yet there are people, otherwise thrifty who throw away moments as if they had no value. Moments are golden things which make up time. Every bit of time we waste is a bit of wasted life.

The prisoner, awaiting his execution, he probably appreciates the value of time more than anyone else. Slowly he recalls incidents. If he had made use of those golden moments, he would probably be sitting behind a desk instead of in bars.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth, when she was dying, offered her kingdom for a moment of time, but there was no one in all the world who could grant her that wish. For time is a gift which all share alike, whether rich or poor, and the moment is here and then gone forever.

Being idle is not necessarily wasting time. The hour spent in wasteful and foolish amusement is squandered, not so that one which is used in recreation. These wasted hours which grow into days, and days into weeks are the ones which we will come to regret, and some day try in vain to recapture. Two boys may grow up together and one become successful, prosperous, and happy, while the other leads a life of drudgery and bears no distinction of any kind; all because of the way each spent his time.

Time is given to us little by little, so that we may have a chance to make use of every golden moment. Think of all it means. You may get the world some great idea, invent some new thing, discover some great piece of knowledge; or you may throw it away as if it were nothing, wasting that which is the most valuable thing in the world.

Out of Eternity each new day is born and in Eternity each night returns.

THE HOLLY LEAF

The Man of Wonder

C. EDWIN KEMP

Class of '44

When we hear of the advance of the German army or of the latest demands of Adolf Hitler or of one of the many outrages of the Reich, we can think of nothing but our desire to annihilate the German people. Yet the achievements of this man, Hitler, are really amazing when we stop and consider what he has done.

Everyone is familiar with the fact that Hitler was born of common people, was an Austrian house painter, and that he seized the Chancellorship by force. The part that is equally surprising, yet little heard of, is the writing of "Mein Kampf," the conditions under which it was written, and its actual contents. Now that Adolph Hitler is dictator of the Germans, it has become their Bible.

At the close of the World War, Hitler joined the German Workers' Party. He began his oratorical career at the first mass meeting of his party on February 24, 1920. About the same time, the Swastika, that emblem which has marked many a bloody page in modern history, was chosen to represent the party.

In 1921, the name of the German Workers' party was changed to the National-Socialist party, and on November 8, 1923, the party proclaimed the Revolution. The attempt being unsuccessful, the party was dissolved and Hitler was arrested and imprisoned as the leader. As he began his prison term, he started to write the story of his life, his ambitions, and his future. This was the book that became the German Bible, "Mein Kampf."

How could he write the story of his future? "Impossible," the average individual thinks, but that is one of the most remarkable of Hitler's achievements. Can you imagine a man imprisoned as a revolutionist predicting that he would enable his people to dominate Europe and then fulfilling his assertion? Prison life gives the man the opportunity to do much thinking. For a man as imaginative as Hitler, this was a place where something was certain to happen. Can't you imagine how he must have been — working feverishly to try to get recorded all the thoughts

and inspirations that were racing through his head and yet not lose one single thought?

Into this book went everything that Hitler had. His ideas dwelt mostly on government and how he would reorganize the Reich so that it would run more efficiently. Very striking in his denunciation of the Jews, yet he said, knowing that Jesus was a Jew, "Thus did I now believe that I must act in the sense of the Almighty Creator; by defending myself against the Jews, I am fighting for the Lord's work." He adds, "With the Jews there is no bargaining — there is merely the hard 'either—or'." While in prison, he was planning his infamous persecution of the Jewish people.

He was a bitter enemy of democracy and communism. About them, he stated, "Democracy in the West today is the forerunner of Marxism, which would be inconceivable without democracy." Thus he proclaims two different forms of government as necessary for each other even though their differences are outstanding. He was a foe of both, even before his rise to power, and while yet a common prisoner.

It took Adolph Hitler only eight years to ascend to power after his release from prison. This extraordinarily quick rise should be placed on the list of world wonders, for from a prisoner in 1924 to the German Chancellor in 1933, Adolf Hitler made a jump that has no equal in the history of mankind.

With the success of his attempt to become the sole ruler of Germany, Hitler was able to fulfill the promise he made as to the fate of world affairs as he foretold it on the first page of his book. When he was talking about the right the German people have to conquer peoples for more land, he said, "The plough will then be the sword and the coming world's daily bread will be watered by the tears of war." Considering this startling declaration, and how it has been fulfilled, along with the majority of the contents of "Mein Kampf" and their startling fulfillment, we can truly enough say, Hitler is indeed a "man of wonder."

OCTOBER 1940

Radio Forum

E. C.

Over the new station, WBOC, four members of the Bagleian-Carnean Debate Society spoke for twenty minutes on the subject of a World Union. The debaters contended that this proposed federal union of countries could be based upon the ideas which founded the United States. Such a union would be formed of all who wished to join: eventually all nations would find it necessary to enter. Through this, it would be hoped that war and dispute would cease and economic stability would result.

As a result of this discussion, we believe that Emily Clinard, Carroll Speck, Marie Steffens, and Bill Hollis learned a number of things about radio technique. It was rather hectic at times — when the red light flashed “on the air,” when someone started on the wrong argument in one spot, and when the announcer couldn’t be found toward the end of the program and no one knew what to do. However, “experience is the great teacher” — or so they say!!

This was the first of a series of radio forums planned by the members of the debate club.

I Wonder!

MILDRED MURPHY

Class of '44

If the people of a nation were to vote on the feasibility or infeasibility of declaring war on another nation, I wonder what the decision would be? Most people realize the horrors and aftermath of war. Seldom do they hate another nation. Perhaps the most generally known fact is that war is never beneficial. Even the victors are defeated for they have lost many lives, large amounts of money, the homeland has been devastated, thousands, maybe millions, are homeless, and the commerce of all nations has been distorted.

Could the loss of these cherished possessions be checked if “the People” were consulted first? I wonder!!

Salisbury Alphabet

S stands for the stateliness of Salisbury Co
A to us reveals an abundance of knowledge
L is for love and loyalty true.
I tells of inspirations it offers you.
S comes again to show us its splendor.
B stands for betterment of life that it rend
U offers unity in work and in play.
R shows respectfulness, we see every day.
Y follows lastly and Youth it shall be
Those who make possible old S.T.C.

Florence Standif

On Keats'

"Ode to a Grecian Urn"

Into his every product
The artist puts his soul,
And breaths into the carving
Of a simple little bowl
The very depth of feeling
That inspired a man to see
The epic of a people
That long since have ceased to be.
To write of honored ones long dead,
Of honored ones to come;
To give us people who endure
Beyond the beat of drums—
Beyond the waving of the flag—
Beyond the cannons roar—
Who tasting long the bliss of peace
Drink not the draught of war!
Who live and love “forever young,”
And are “forever fair,”
Who dance with laughter on their lips
And deathless flowers in their hair.

Oh! Was it Keats who wrote that ode?
Or did some nameless one?
Fore-seeing us as strife's abode,
Write his story in some code
That only Keats could read?

Evelyn Vin

THE HOLLY

Mattaponi

ELIZABETH HICKMAN

Class of '43

A once thriving settlement located on the banks of the Pocomoke River about midway between Snow Hill and Pocomoke was the ferry wharf of Mattaponi. This spot got its name, as many places on the Eastern Shore have, from Indian origin. Tradition tells us that after the white man had skillfully built a boat, an old Indian chief once reaching the landing rather late in the evening, found, much to his disappointment, the boat on the other side of the stream. There was nothing for him to do but wait until morning. He placed his mat upon the ground, lay upon it and was soon asleep. When he awoke in the morning the mat was upon him. In trying to tell the incident to the ferryman in English the Indian said something like this, “When I sleep, I upon the mat; when I wake mat upon I.” The ferryman answered, “We will call this place ‘Mattaponi’.” The spelling of the name has changed from M-A-T-U-P-O-N-I to M-A-T-T-A-P-O-N-I, but the sound is practically the same.

The ferry, which gave prominence to this place, was operated with a roller pulled by hand. About a hundred years ago, Mr. James H. Taylor, well known character in that community, was the owner and operator of this ferry.

During this period of its history, Mattaponi boasted of a shipping yard. Two vessels are known to have been constructed there; the names of the ships were “The M. N. Lindsey” and “The Worcester.” Mr. Mathias Lindsey was the operator and manager of the shipyard.

Although Mattaponi had at this time only one main industry, that of shipbuilding, there were other activities which afforded employment and recreation for the inhabitants of this rural community. Conveniently located near the wharf was a country store, owned and operated by Mr. James H. Taylor. This naturally became a social center where the neighbors congregated to play checkers, dominoes, and, of course, to exchange the latest news. There was, also, an old fashioned one-room school. Among the first teachers was Miss Ann

Blades, who taught about 60 years ago. At no great distance from the school stood “Old Owl’s Nest,” the church the inhabitants attended. Local preachers were numerous and usually the first to arrive assumed charge of the services. After “Old Owl’s Nest” Church burned, it was replaced by Beth Eden Baptist Church. Mr. Major Hall of Pocomoke was its founder. Every Sunday he would drive over from Pocomoke and take the preacher, Rev. William Wilkerson. Rev. Kingman Handy was another prominent preacher to serve this charge. Mattaponi’s baptisms were considered momentous occasions. People, some serious and religious minded, others only curious, came from far and near to witness these immersions in the dark waters of the Pocomoke. I am told that some baptisms occurred during the winter seasons, even while the river was covered with ice.

From earliest times, people have fished in the waters around Mattaponi. Their fishing equipment consisted of a trip net, hooks and lines, canoe or bateau. Mr. Teakle Townsend is one of the first men known to have used a trip net around Mattaponi. By this method, such fish as the perch, catfish, herring and shad were caught in great numbers. Those employing the hook and line often told great yarns about their marvelous catch of bass or pike.

Fifty years ago, there were three wharfs at Mattaponi; the County Wharf, maintained by the county; a private wharf owned by Mr. and Mrs. David Webb; and a third, known as the Public or Drexel Wharf. At these wharfs of Mattaponi strong staples with large rings fastened to them were driven so that thick hawsers could be used to secure the boats. During the Civil War, smuggling and running of slaves were not uncommon events on the Pocomoke River. Later two small boats called the “Mabel” and the “Vivian” came from Pocomoke and Snow Hill to these wharfs carrying passengers and mail. At night the boats presented a pretty sight sailing along the river playing their search lights upon the wooded banks of the Pocomoke. Every Wednesday and Saturday steamers from Baltimore docked there. Weeks were needed to unload the tons of fertilizer,

(Continued on page 24)

Do You Know Your School?

Without using references, check the best answer to each of the following statements. Multiply the number you have correct by 5. 70 is fair, 80 is good, 90 is excellent. The upperclassmen **should** score much higher than lowerclassmen.

1. The approximate number of students enrolled in the school for the academic year of 1940-41 is:

214	189	205
220	243	193

2. The song **Alma Mater**, adopted in 1932, was written by:

Class of 1929	Willamae Brocato
Margaret Laws	Mrs. Thomas
Margaret Black	

3. The college colors are:

black and yellow	green and gold
blue and silver	white and yellow
maroon and gold	white and blue

4. Dr. Blackwell became president of the college in:

1928	1930	1932
1925	1935	1929

5. The number of men students here the first year was:

10	3	6
35	15	20

6. How many formal dances will there be this year?

5	10	6
8	4	7

7. Who in school has the same name as the president of the Confederacy?

Dr. Current	Dr. Blackwell
Mr. Hyde	Dr. May
Dr. Caruthers	

8. Do you know how many separate books we now have in our library?

5,000	13,000	3,000
15,000	8,000	10,000

9. When did this school begin the four year course?

1928	1936
1932	1935

10. One of the following heads our laboratory school:

Miss Weant	Miss Sanford
Dr. Blackwell	Miss Purnell
Dr. Matthews	Dr. Caruthers

11. The number of games the boys won basketball last year was:

20	13
8	4

12. How many of our present faculty been here since S.T.C. was organized?

8	1	6
2	10	4

13. The number of counties in Maryland resented by students here is:

20	9	17
14	19	11

14. Why do we have the big hole in front of the outside fireplaces?

1. Beginning of a swimming pool.
2. Used dirt from it for track.
3. Drain for rain from building.
4. Used to be a fish pond.
5. Sink hole.

15. What is the line following "Through which we enter lives of deeper wisdom" in **Alma Mater**?

We dedicate our song to thee
Oh, we shall love thy name forever more
Thy portals stand an open door
A song of love and endless loyalty

16. How many of our faculty members were born in Maryland?

5	12	3
15	7	9

17. The governing body of this school is

Home Association	Sophanes Players
Student Council	Faculty
Athletic Association	Baglean-Carnean

18. What per cent of the instructors on faculty have doctor's degrees?

35%	50%	40%
35%	25%	40%

19. When was the last addition made to college?

1936	1930
1928	1932

(Continued on next page)

Selected For Who's Who

The following students have been nominated for "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges": Awdrey Christopher, Edward Hayman, Helen Johnson, and Barbara Willing from the class of 1941; William Newcomb, of the class of 1942; and, Edwin Kircher, of the class of 1943.

A Little Learning Is Dangerous

A JUNIOR

After two years of intense assimilation of subject matter — labeled "liberal arts" — a group of thirty-three young men and women, mystified but undaunted, have begun work in the teacher-education curriculum. Such words as: orientation, case study, functional teaching, and personality traits have become common terms; while directed observation has by now become a byword. All of this is evolving faster and faster as the months go by and in two years' time it will reach such speed that a well-prepared teacher **should** emerge.

To assume the responsibilities so suddenly thrust upon us is our big problem, How shall we cope with it? We feel so inexperienced, so incapable. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." . . . We must have more than that, we need subject matter **plus** if we are to gain a safe foothold in life.

Do You Know Your School?

(Continued from page 8)

20. At least two of these are right:

- (a) There are 25 members of the faculty
- (b) S.T.C. is the only teachers college on the Eastern Shore.
- (c) The campus covers 13 acres.
- (d) The school is 15 years old.

Answers on Page 22

Education Through Activity

Oftentimes those things that are closest to us are the things which we notice least. So it has been with an activity which has been evolving for the past six years in the fifth and sixth grades of our own laboratory school.

In 1935, guided by Miss Beulah Dixon, the children in these grades organized a club which they named the Milk Association. With service as their aim, these children ordered milk from the dairy and sold it to the other children at lunch time. Through the ensuing five years, this organization, under the direction of Miss Margaret Weant, has grown and flourished until now in its maturity it is a living, serving organization, managed entirely by the children.

Unselfish with the profits they have made, the members of this association have bought library books every year, pictures, indoor games, a radio, a refrigerator, a cabinet, tools for the workroom, and many small articles necessary to carry on their business.



Vibrations

Music's the
medicine of the
mind.

—John Logan

Of all noises I think
music the least
disagreeable.

—Johnson

Curled up in a large armchair I turned the dial, listening to the regular vibrations (generally known as music). I thought of another world—one without music. How dull that universe must be with no sweet sounds to break the daily routine. I guess we're lucky to be able to listen to melodies over an instrument called the radio. Our forefathers certainly missed a lot. No radios, no concerts . . . that was some concert the other night. Could that boy wield a bow? I should say so. You'd never believe you could sit through two hours of concert with nothing to see except someone draw a bunch of horsehair across a sheep's intestine. I just said see — not hear. Imagine a nineteen year old boy's being able to get those clear tones from more than seventy pieces of wood. (Yes, I read that the other day — violins have more to them than meets the eye.) Remarkable how anyone can learn as much as that in nineteen years. Yes sir, concerts are all right. I guess the village choir sounded pretty good to Granddad; or maybe the town's most accomplished singer could make chills creep up his spine. But I wonder. When I even think of that Cossack Chorus coming to our town, I get chills right this minute. That reminds me, one of my friends must have had the same experience when she heard John Charles Thomas the other week in Easton. She came flying — no, not literally — in the room the other day, exclaiming, "He was wonderful." I was on the verge of asking who on earth she meant, but I didn't have time. She fairly stuttered to tell me all about that great Metropolitan Opera star. There's a man who really can sing. Perfect enunciation and perfect control of his voice. Even when he sings in mezzo-voce (half voice to you) you can understand every word that's being sung. I know we'd all like to see him, but we can hear him over the radio. What a convenience . . . yet it isn't like seeing someone

in person. And if television is ever perfect oh, boy. I'd like to have had a television set the other night. (Maybe a telescope would have been better.) The college students at the high school needed a telescope or a microscope, or "sumpity." They had to sing without a piano, and the piano just wouldn't stay in Swiv's pocket. I'll bet some of those seniors wished they'd taken their pitch pipes along. They tell me WBOC has several pianos which will be mighty convenient when the chorus goes out there to broadcast. It would be wonderful if the chorus members could just themselves sing over the air but I guess there be plenty others listening in who will say if it's good, bad, or otherwise. Yes sir, radios are right. And just think—music right into your home from way off in Chicago or New York or some other big city. Why, practically everywhere there's some great singer making his way through the homes of millions. Now, you take Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks — those two could sing and do they enliven this old world. But it means! If you want to spend a profitable evening yet one that will be enjoyable, why not listen to the Ford's Sunday Evening Hour? You'll hear some famous singers then. It certainly is so interesting to hear good music after a hard night studying — yeah . . . sometimes too soothing, this music I'm hearing now, I'm just about to go to sleep but . . . my gosh. What was that? Oh, one of those Wagnerian chords. I guess that's never thought anyone would ever listen to music over a radio. This younger generation. We may seem like scalawags to some people but I guess we've got a little bit of gratefulness left in us yet. Oh, well, I can't imagine a world without music, for it helps to make the world go round and keep us happy in the meantime. Oh, I'll be . . . the Brahms Lullaby. Gee whiz, this is much for me, so I'm signing off.

Behind That Curtain

Sitting here in the library . . . glancing around . . . makes you wonder, doesn't it . . . who do we go to school with . . . are they really what they seem . . . deep down . . . really . . . do some wear masks, pretending . . . indifference . . . egotism . . . is this one really sincere . . . I wonder.

Look . . . over there . . . a sophomore . . . head bent earnestly . . . philosophy book, no doubt . . . wonder why sophomores take philosophy so seriously . . . that wrinkle between his brows . . . it tells a story . . . can you read it?

A fine mist and a planet

A crystal and a cell,

A jellyfish and a saurian,

And caves where cavemen dwell;

Then a sense of law and beauty

And a face turned from the clod—

Some call it Evolution,

And others call it God.

—Wm. Herbert Carruth

The wrinkle's gone now . . . decisions come quickly . . . sometimes . . .

See this one . . . a bewitching little blond . . . chemistry test tomorrow? . . . she isn't worrying . . . not yet . . . dolls don't worry . . . wonder if she really is a blond . . . looks . . . oh well! . . . subconsciously she thinks this —

You are a dear—

I love each glance

I'd love you, too

If I had a chance.

You are pretty

And adorable, too

You little darling,

I'm glad I'm you.

—Author Unknown.

Do we love ourselves! . . . whew! . . . Who's this . . . coming down the hall . . . whistling . . . happy-go-lucky . . . looks like . . . it is! . . . why say who . . . you know . . . always smiling . . . lending a hand . . . asking nothing in return . . . this is his song—

You say the world is gloomy,

The skies are grim and gray,

The night has lost its quiet,
You fear the coming day?
The world is what you make it,
The sky is gray or blue
Just as your soul may paint it;
It isn't the world — it's you!

Clear up the clouded vision,
Clean out the foggy mind;
The clouds are always passing,
And each is silver lined.
The world is what you make it—
Then make it bright and true,
And when you say it's gloomy,
It isn't the world — it's you!

—Author Unknown

How different from that one . . . the one in the corner . . . by herself . . . she looks so sad . . . some lost love, perhaps? . . . maybe she would like these lines—

Someday I shall talk about him
But not just yet.
Perhaps I could laugh without him
But not just yet.
Even cease to dream about him,
Even learn to doubt him
All this will be when I forget
But not just yet.

—Mary V. Kelly

Time heals all wounds? . . . I . . . wonder . . . ?
Keep watching . . . people . . . their faces . . .
each tells a story . . . tragic? . . . thrilling? . . .
joyous? . . . be a friend . . . try to understand.

"Some books are to be tasted, other to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."
(Bacon)

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."
(Milton) "Lycidas"

"Fool," said my muse to me, "look in thy heart and write."
(Sidney) "Astrophel and Stella"

"Sounning in morale vertu was his speche
And gladly wold he lerne and gladly teche."
(Chaucer)



Sports News

With another soccer season in the offing at our old Alma Mater one should stop to see how the situation stacks up. Several of the questions which might be asked as this eventful year rolls around are: "What old players do we have coming back from last year?" "What new players are beginning to show promise and are they interested in the game?" "How does this year's team compare with last year's team, which made such a good showing in its intercollegiate schedules?"

To answer the first question is of relative simplicity on the surface, but let's dip just a little below the surface and see how things have progressed in the years which the regulars have been here and what changes have occurred. Starting at the goal position, we find two regulars returning, either of whom is capable of filling the position, both adequately and with plenty of spirit and vim. The two young men in question are Lingo Hudson and Edwin "Kirch" Kircher. Kircher came to S.T.C. as a halfback from the Delmar, Maryland high school squad. He saw but little action as halfback during the first part of the collegiate soccer season, until the coach decided to try him in the position of goalie. He developed so rapidly that he was soon filling the position.

The team lost two good fullbacks from last year in the personages of Willard Oakley (who, by the way, is married), and Oris Horsey, who is working for the Pennsylvania Railroad. The halfbacks returning from last year are Charles "Mike" Lavery, Awdrey "Chris" Christopher, and Edward "Highland Goat" Dougherty. Edward Bowen who last year played halfback is unable to play this year because of an injury sustained last season, which was a recurrence of a former soccer injury. Lavery who has been a mainstay at center half for three years, and who last year was captain of the soccer team, has been moved back to fill one of the fullback positions. Ed Dougherty and Chris are still playing their dependable games

at their respective positions. Chris is one of the most improved men on the squad, now having great deal of accuracy with either foot. Last year's right wing, Bobby Lockerman, was graduated, but his position is being very ably filled by "Little Ed" Hayman, who was last year's regular left wing. Ed is very fast and plays a bang game with all his heart in it. Swiv Newcomb, graduate of Cambridge High and last year's inside man, has been moved back to help Mike one of the fullback posts. Swiv, although not one of the fastest runners on the team, has a very dependable foot and should serve as a bulwark in the backfield in keeping the opposition bottled. Goldy Tyler, who for the last three years has been filling in the center forward position has been moved to the center half position, to fill in the left by Mike Lavery's change of position. Ray Kirby, inside from last year's squad and a good man to have around, both offensively and defensively, is holding down the right inside position and doing a good job of it.

The J.V. squad from last year has sent up several players, who this year should prove valuable to the Varsity. Jimmy Wright, last year's J.V. man, will probably hold down one of the inside positions. Jimmy is fast and should develop into a good player this year. Arthur Ward, another last year's J.V. man, will probably see quite a bit of duty either on the half-back line or on the forward line. Jimmy Hyde, who played several varsity games toward the end of last season, will have much action this year. He is rather fast, is quite a good ball handler, and should prove of much value.

One of the most promising new men who came in this year is the young man from Hughes High School, George Jones. George is fast, aggressive, and a good shot. He has been playing left wing and seems to know "what it is all about." (By the way, did you know that last year he

(Continued on page 13)

Dead or Alive

EVELYN VINCENT
Class of '41

A.A. is for Athletic Association, but it is also for attitude and achievement. Are we to believe that we have a bunch of "Namby Pamby" sissies, who fear a disarranged coiffure and a few honest bruises.

All of us can't make the "varsity" but we can support it. All of us can't be star athletes but we can be good clean players in intramural sports.

Heads of each division of sports are working out schedules (1) to entertain you, (2) to help you make the most of yourself, (3) to create enthusiasm toward that sport. However, they can't do it all. They must have your cooperation.

Are we a dead organization? Have we no greater functional purpose than to present one formal dance each year? If this is so, what we need to do is breathe life into this association. If we, sleeping, can accomplish what we have in the past, how much more could be accomplished by an alert, wide-awake organization! What do you expect of your A.A.? What are you willing to give?

Sports News

(Continued from page 12)

coached by one of our former graduates, Ed Robertson, who used to be an S.T.C. soccer man.) Another promising freshman is Edward Fatzer, who is a candidate for the inside position. Edgar Ryle, brother of Edson Ryle, is also a promising man for the backfield of the squad. He should prove a valuable replacement for either of the fullbacks or maybe one of the halfbacks, in order to give the veterans a little rest, if they need it.

"How does this year's team compare with last years?" This question is not so easily answered, but on the whole, things seem to point to a better team this year than last year's team which proved itself to be not the worst in the state. Here's predicting a banner season for S.T.C.!!

Esprit de Corps

One brisk, fall afternoon S.T.C. discovered that it had a soccer team representing the school. As a result, although S.T.C. may not always win, you may rest assured that it will be in there, plugging away.

True, losing O. Horsey, W. Oakley, C. Elliott, R. Garrison, R. Kehne, and E. Bowen (injuries), made the job of winning doubly hard. The hardest job of winning, however, does not rest with the soccer squad but — with YOU, the students of S.T.C.! If you expect a winning team, the students must actively support their team at every game. The inspiration that a team gets from a few cheers is worth more than two weeks practice.

What do you say, S.T.C., are you going to help your soccer team win every game?

One Who Knows!

Who Will Win?

"Take it down," "We want a goal," were the cries of the excited spectators as they watched the fast moving game, which started the hockey season of 1940.

The ever-victorious juniors had decided that they would hold their record, while the challenging sophomores were determined to defeat them. "Excitement ran high" when the determined juniors drove the ball toward the sophomore goal. Again and again the sophomores maneuvered the ball adroitly in the line of the juniors' goal, only to have it returned by the alert opposers. Who would win? Would the juniors be successful in keeping up their record or would the sophomores take the title? Only time would tell, and there seemed to be very little time left.

During the last few minutes of the game each team fought furiously to "get that goal." Everyone held his breath. But this suspense was broken as the time keeper blew the whistle and announced the score 0-0.

Will the sophomores re-challenge the juniors? If so, what will be the outcome? Time will tell!

Alumni Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Caruthers have a very attractive apartment at 24 High Street, Cambridge, Maryland. Mr. Caruthers, who was graduated from State Teachers College June, 1938, and from University of Missouri, June, 1939, teaches in Cambridge High School. Mrs. Caruthers, remembered by her friends as Miss Gwynette Thompson, of class 1938, is now teaching at Silver Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Twilley of Mardela are announcing the birth of a baby boy September 29. Mrs. Twilley will be remembered by her friends as Virginia Cooper of Class 1930.

Mr. Lawrence Powell of Class 1940 is principal of Marbury Elementary School, Charles County.

Misses Loma Dryden, Irma Lee Disharoon, Betty Lynch, and Dorothy Wilkins have an apartment at 209 2nd Avenue, Glen Burnie, Md. We would like to know which one is the best cook.

Rachel McMann, of class 1940, who is teaching at Jefferson, sends this message to the Alumni, "I am not sure that I can be back for Homecoming. I am too, too, far away."

Alice May Coulbourne, of Class 1928, is now supervisor of the Elementary Schools of Somerset County.

Margaret Hankins, of Class 1928, is now principal of the Princess Anne Elementary School and one of the off-campus critic school teachers.

Several of the S.T.C. students on a recent trip to St. Mary's had a chat with Maude Savage, of Class 1940. Miss Savage is teaching at Hughesville and finds teaching in Maryland very interesting.

Victoria Wheatley, of class 1931, is now Mrs. Harold Todd. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are living at Secretary, Maryland, where Mrs. Todd is principal of a three-teacher elementary school.

Many of our former students are continuing extensive studies in education at various institutions. Mabel Dickey, of Class 1932, Pauline Van Pelt, of Class 1931, and Marie Markley, of Class 1934, are back at S.T.C. Wilson Duncan, of Class 1939, is majoring in history at Western Maryland.

Margaret Laws, of Class 1931, attended the summer sessions at Teachers College, New York, and many have attended the summer sessions at University of Maryland.

Mrs. R. Lee Wherry, (Ruth Stevens) of Class 1929, has resigned from teaching. She is now home maker at 1531 Evans Avenue, Prospect Park, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Daffin and little Tommy, returned to their home October 1, in Baltimore, 2628 E. Baltimore Street, after spending six weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butler, Green Ridge Road, Federalsburg, Maryland. Mrs. Daffin will be remembered by her friends as Elizabeth Butler, of Class 1932.

Gladys Lewis, of Class 1931, has an apartment at 213 North Boulevard, Salisbury, Maryland, and Miss Margaret Weant, a demonstration teacher in the Campus Elementary School.

Homecoming---

Saturday, October 12th, 1940

Alumni generally agree that there is no better time for a trip to the campus than when our grads are homecoming, too. The date for our most enjoyed visit was Saturday, October 12. The class of 1931 was featured and fifteen were present. The next largest in attendance was class of 1940 with ten present. Sixty-two grads attended the dinner; many more came in the afternoon for the tea and for the soccer game with Goldey College. A shore business meeting followed the dinner. It was decided that the Alumni would have a formal dance May 3, 1941. A new by-law was added to the Alumni Constitution to the effect that any student who has attended the college for less than one term may be eligible for membership in the association. Letters of invitation, therefore, will be sent to former students so that they may be given an opportunity to join the Alumni Association if they so desire.

Margaret Laws, president of the association proposed that a special effort be made to organize alumni chapters in the various counties and promised to keep the college informed of progress in the undertaking.

"Talk"

A PLAYLET IN ONE ACT

Characters:

Freshman girl	Senior boy
Sophomore girl	Junior boy
Junior girl	Sophomore boy
Senior girl	Freshman boy

Scene:

The front of a well-known educational institution in Salisbury, Md. On the steps are several students loitering in their usual positions.

Senior Boy—(to Fresh. girl)—Hello.

Freshman Girl—Hello.

Senior Boy—How are you?

Freshman Girl—Fine, how are you?

Senior Boy—Fine.

(The conversation progresses rapidly. A Sophomore girl runs out on the porch moaning and tearing her hair, sits down, and screams.)

Freshman Boy—What's wrong with her?

Junior Girl—She's been listening to "Bolero." (Sophomore boy comes out on steps wearing hip boots, riding pants, and loud checked shirt.)

Sophomore Boy—Where's someone I can beat up?

Senior Girl—You're just full of pep today, aren't you?

Sophomore Boy—Sure am, sure am!

Senior Girl—Isn't he cute!

Freshman Boy—Like a weasel.

Junior boy strolls up. He is followed by three girls. He turns to speak to them, one trips and breaks her neck, and the other two swoon.)

Junior Boy—Gosh, I have the worst luck.

Freshman Boy (reading newspaper)—It makes me so gosh darned mad to read the paper these days. Something just has to be done for this world. (He starts to cry.)

Sophomore Boy—I never feel that way, I can't be downed! That's me — can't be downed!

Junior Boy—Oh, shut up!

Sophomore Girl (who has recovered)—I feel so repressed. I haven't had a "coke" all day.

OCTOBER 1940

Junior Girl—Yeah, I can feel my inhibitions creeping out all over me too.

Sophomore Boy—When I . . .

Junior Boy—Oh, shut up!

Sophomore Girl (sighs)—I'm so worried about this draft.

Sophomore Boy—Why?

Sophomore Girl—All the men will be gone.

Junior Girl—You needn't worry, sister.

(Just then a bell is heard ringing. Everyone walks toward L (i.e., the door).)

Senior Boy—Well, I'll see ya.

Freshman Girl—Yeah, I'll see ya, thanks for explaining the reciprocal trade agreement.

Senior Boy—Sure, forget it.

Sophomore Girl—Oh dear, another class. I'm so tired and there's so much work to do. Why, I spent two hours last night cleaning my saddle shoes.

Junior Boy—Yeah, it's a tough life!

Curtain.

One Dish

M. J. WOOD

Class of '44

Perspiration ran from her black forehead as she trudged along the hall, jarring everything as she put her flat feet heavily down on the polished floor. Now the perspiration was cold, very cold. She realized what she had done!! The more she pondered the accident the weaker became the feeling in her knees, her stomach, her head — all over!

She reached for the door knob. It too was cold. Not realizing that she had continued walking, she was startled when she raised her head and saw that she stood directly in front of her mistress. She swallowed once, twice, three times. Each time her head sank lower until her face rested in her work-roughened hands.

A few words struggled from her trembling lips, "Madame, Madame, I broke dat dish." Choking back her sobs, she stumbled dejectedly from the room.

She had been looking at it for a long time before she realized what she was doing. It was lying on the bench just inside the door where her father had left it when he had come into the house for dinner. Big Mike was noted throughout the Neck for his carelessness about things like that. Not so well known was his carelessness about her — the youngest of his daughters.

Oh well, he gave her something to eat, a place to sleep, and clothes (such as they were) to wear, but that was all. All of his affections were centered around Rhoda, who he said resembled her mother more closely than any of his other children. He would laugh when he recalled the fits of temper his wife had, and would jokingly declare that Rhoda had the some kind of temper with a little of his stubbornness thrown in for good measure. It was Rhoda who received all the favors in Big Mike's house, regardless of her faults.

And she had many of them — faults which she carefully concealed from her father and all others with the possible exception of Aunt Mamie (who was not to be deceived by a flashing eye and a pretty face) . . . She shirked in the housework whenever she could . . . was always too busy to do the dishes, or cook the food, or do anything which might spoil her hands or complexion. And it was the younger sister who received the blame when the dinner was not done, or the house was not just right when Big Mike returned from the fields. By that time Rhoda had taken her usual warm bath and had dressed carefully in one of her gayest dresses. She would be glowing with a freshness that would make the tired younger sister seethe with a thousand suppressed desires — to leap at her; to scratch the carefully made-up face; to rip the gay dress into tatters; to do anything, however insane, which would turn Jim's attention from Rhoda to herself, even if just for the tiniest minute.

Jim was the hired man — not particularly handsome as men go, but just handsome enough to turn the head of younger sister who had been to town only once since she was able to remember it. In her dreadfully serious way, she had set Jim high up on a pedestal, and worshipped him from afar . . . never expecting him to care for her . . .

Younger

OLIN BEDSWORTH

Indeed, she would have been embarrassed if he had even so much as made any such mention. On that particular morning, in a moment born of an overwhelming desire to tell her secret with someone, she had let Rhoda see one of the poems which she had written for Jim. She had regretted that confidence even for Rhoda had the brutal candor of her own who was known for her disregard of the person's feelings.

She had gone into gales of laughter at pathetic lines of the poem, even though the had risen in younger sister's face so plainly all could see. Then she had reverted to quite typical of her. Younger sister was all the housework for the next month, or the little poem would be read aloud in Jim's presence at the supper table next evening. In her younger sister could see the scene at such a distance only too clearly . . . There would be a moment of silence, then Rhoda would make one of her less humorous announcements; would read the poem to the accompaniment of hastily muttered guffaws from the younger brothers and the guffaws of Big Mike . . . Perhaps even Jim would laugh and that would be the crown of her shame. Younger sister had agreed to Rhoda's demands . . . would have done far more tasks to escape such a trial.

Rhoda was a true child of her mother. Younger sister had forgotten that fact in her panic . . . That very noon, while the family gathered around the table for their hearty (no light lunches for them) Rhoda had suddenly brightened up from the moody silence she had been in all through the meal. As if she had heard her announcement to fit into the interludic silence which had settled over the table at that moment, she turned to Big Mike who was sitting on her left, and said:

"I guess you'll be losing one of your daughters soon, won't you, Papa?"

"Hadn't heard anything about it," said Big Mike, who was busily chewing on a tough

Sister

Class of '41

of gristle and not making any too clean a job of it. "Why? You plannin' to get married to that young feller you've been goin' with?"

"With his teeth? Heavens no, Papa — all I like of him is his money. It's her (pointing to younger sister, who had been sitting paralyzed with fright from the moment Rhoda had cleared her throat before starting to speak) . . . your youngest, fairest, daughter!"

As if they were puppets on a string, the whole family turned to look at her. She might have been some strange, rare animal, and not younger sister at all. With humor that made her wince, Mike demanded drily:

"What's been goin' on here while your brothers and me was out in the fields and Rhoda was doin' the housework?"

If her life had depended upon it, younger sister could scarcely have lifted her eyes from her plate. Nor could she utter a word, for her throat was tight and dry.

"Well, what in the Sam Hill are you talking about, Rhoda?" That was Mike's voice coming from a great distance. Odd, how drained of all feelings she felt now . . . strange, how she could only sit quietly in her chair with a calm sense of detachment and wait for the dreaded blow to fall.

Rhoda was speaking now, her usually low musical voice, shrill and triumphant.

"I mean that your quiet little daughter is in love with Jim . . . She's even written poems to him — beautiful love poems . . . Want to hear one?"

Big Mike's face could have been used as a study in mixed emotions — surprise, humor, pity — all played over his face. In the end, his sense of humor got the upper hand, and he exploded in one of his characteristic guffaws:

"Sure," he said, "go ahead. Your mother was always harping on her poet ancestor . . . maybe Sis's another one." And he collapsed in roars of gusty laughter at his own cleverness.

Rhoda, surer of her ground, and flushed with her success at startling the family from its mid-meal stupor, began to read in a clear piercing

voice which carried to all corners of the quiet room:

"If I were to live for a thousand years
And to swear by a thousand stars."

Quite unnoticed by the family whose attention was centered on the arresting figure of Rhoda, younger sister quietly left the table. Though she might be humiliated and scorned for having written the poem, she could not bear to hear its desecration by Rhoda. She moved towards the door, without volition, stiffly as an automat.

It was then that she had seen it beside the door, and had realized with a start, that she had been looking at it for quite some time without comprehending what she saw. True to his reputation for carelessness with firearms, Big Mike had left his rifle lying on the bench beside the door. It was a new gun, and its blue-steel barrel gleamed dully in the light which fell on it from the window. Not knowing just what she was doing younger sister picked up the rifle and stood holding it in her hands.

"What in the devil do you think you're doing with that gun?"

Younger sister jumped at the sound of Big Mike's voice. Rhoda had faltered in her reading, and then stopped altogether. Jim stirred uneasily in his chair, while the younger brothers were frankly open-mouthed.

She was going further away; the family receding in the distance, lost in a thick white mist.

"Put that gun down." Big Mike was really angry now and stood up from the table.

Rhoda, who had by this time recovered from her first shock, showed a flare of resentment at not being the center of all attraction. Angrily she shoved back her chair, and started towards younger sister who was standing with that gun pointed waveringly at them.

Some one was coming through the white mist. Some one who made her shake with fright . . . Someone who was her greatest enemy without pity or mercy for her . . . Her fear grew and grew within her until the mist was filled with a greatly magnified image of Rhoda's face, leering and triumphant as it had been at the dinner table . . . a giant face which split and became ten thousand

(Continued on page 23)

Faculty Notes

Mr. J. Lloyd Straughn, Head of the Chemistry Department, has been granted a leave of absence during the second semester of 1940-41 in order to complete the work for a Ph.D. degree at the Johns Hopkins University.*

Dr. J. D. Blackwell, President of the College has been included in Who's Who in America for 1940.

Miss Anne Matthews, Assistant Director of Teacher Training, completed the requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Education at New York University on October 10. Her thesis dealt with the diagnosis of the laboratory school problems of student teachers as a basis for improving directed teaching. Dr. Matthews received her B.A. degree from the Colorado College of Education and her M.A. from Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City. She also did graduate work at Chicago University and at the University of Cambridge, England. She is the first president of Beta Chapter, Delta Kappa Gamma, a member of Kappa Delta Pi, of Chi Amaga, and the Samuel Chase Chapter D.A.R. She also edits the Maryland Club Woman. Dr. T. J. Caruthers, Director of Teacher Training, received similar degree from New York University in 1939 while Dr. Richard Current, Head of the Economics and Sociology Department, received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1939.

Dr. William Bagley, formerly of Columbia University Teachers College, has been selected by the Maryland Educational Survey Commission to study all Maryland Teachers Colleges. Dr. Bagley spent two days at the college recently.

Miss Grace Strickland, Librarian at S.T.C. and Chairman of the Association of School Libraries for Maryland for the past year, planned a meeting held in Baltimore, on October 25, in connection with the Maryland State Teachers Association meetings, when "The History, Present Status and Objectives for Future of School Libraries in the State" was discussed by Miss Adelene Pratt, State Librarian.

Mrs. Idabelle Wilson Thomas, as Chairman of the History Department of the Maryland Teachers Association, requested Dr. R. S. Meyer, of the University of Maryland, to address the members of her history group at its meeting on October 25 on "Current Events." The Social Studies Department at the Salisbury Teachers College, under Mrs. Thomas, is planning a program that will follow closely the work of the State in a re-evaluation of its Social Studies program.

Mrs. G. B. Clements, President of the Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers, appointed the following Committee on Character and Social Education, representing the teacher training institutions of Maryland:

Dr. J. D. Blackwell (chairman) Salisbury Teachers College,

Dr. Henry Brechbill, University of Maryland
Miss Stella E. Brown, Towson State Teachers College,

Mr. John L. Dunkle, Frostburg State Teachers College,

Dean L. Forrest Free, Western Maryland College,

Dr. F. G. Livingood, Washington College,
Dr. Henry I. Stahr, Hood College.

* Approximately 50% of the college instructors at S.T.C., Salisbury, now have Doctoral degrees.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring
(Pope)

Games Played To Date

October 12—Goldey vs. Salisbury.
Score 4-0
In Favor of Salisbury.

October 17—Towson vs. Salisbury
Score 3-1
In Favor of Salisbury.

October 26—Frostburg vs. Salisbury
Score 2-1
In Favor of Frostburg.

Digressions

By "THE DIGRESSOR"

No Westbrook Pegler, Raymond Clapper, Paul Malone, or Dorothy Thompson (thank gosh) are we. That's an admitted fact — but we would like to try our hand at the game of writing a column. A column, of course, should have a purpose — I have racked my brain for one and can't think of a title. So — if the comments are boring, you can just call me the Sixth Column.

A fine start!!

It was quite a pleasure to meet Dr. William G. Bagley the other day. He is a very delightful gentleman and a true scholar. Simply because he is above the retirement age, he has not ceased the work he loves. Yet plenty of youngsters seem to think the time to stop work is at the age of 18. Wait till the conscription gets you!

Taking a quick glance around our mass of State Teachers students, we notice plenty of changes from last year. In particular what's happened to all those couples who walked around the halls shouting "sweet nothings" to each other when Miss Ruth wasn't looking. Some of those freshmen girls seem to be making the best of the situation, too. Isn't that right, Ed(1) and Ed(2)?

Those physical exams at the first of the year are enough to bother anyone. Particularly ME, sophomore girl who found her eyes were poor, her teeth were full of cavities, she was nearly deaf in one ear, and her arches were falling. Looks like a bad day for the human race!!

Hint to those who can't find the book you want in the library — look in Dr. Current's office.

Just watch that freshman strut,
It's so elegant, so intelligent,
They know the answers
Yeah — tut, tut.

Arthur Ward told me the other day that he just loves olives. Ouch!!!

Come with me to the library,
To the library—

Where the flies are simply gorgeous!!

To the person who can suggest a better name for this column a huge prize will be awarded (one

date with Bill Slemmer). Simply send in, with your answers, two (2) tops from (2) psychology books.

Terse, clear, complete — from Time magazine comes a record of the perfect letter written to the Dallas Texas police department's Missing Person's Bureau: "My father is about 5 feet, 11 inches. He is light colored. He has straight hair. He has lived in Dallas for years where I was born. He married my mother. Her name was Annie. Thanks."

Overheard sophomore conversation —
"Did Atreus eat his father or what?"
No, silly, Agamemnon killed his daughter for a sacrifice.

Well, Atreus ate somebody.
No. Atreus was killed by his brother.
But, that was after he ate his son."
The Greeks had a word for it!!!

We leave you now with this message from the great American philosopher, Emerson—

"The studious class are their own victims, they are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are hot, the night is without sleep, the day a fear of interruption, — pallor, squalor, hunger, and egotism."

Reprinted from "The Norm"

I was lonely
When I looked at the stars overhead,
Then I remembered—
The same stars were shining
Over you.

When I said "No,"
My meaning was not plain.
I merely meant
For you to ask again!

Like a harp string
Taut, resilient,
Plucked by knowing hands—
My whole being responds
To your voice.

Table Manners

MARIAN PRANIS

Class of '44

The most successful method to be popular is to "mind" your manners, especially table manners.

When you enter the dining room, always remember to rush quickly to the table, straddle your chair, and scrape it noisily across the floor. As you move closer to the table, don't forget to step on your neighbor's toes, or if there aren't any toes handy, you can catch your partner's gown in the chair leg. Of course, you know that you are not supposed to sit still during the meal at any time.

There is really quite an art to tucking your napkin under your chin. First, push your chair slightly away from the table and then extend your elbows as wide as you can, hitting alternately first one person's chin and then another's. As you scrape back into place, make it your business to give the table a vigorous jolt, causing the liquids to spill into everyone's lap. Never apologize!

After this preparation, you are then ready to "dig in." Immediately rise, lean over the table, and grab a dish of food just as the other person reaches to pick it up. All this time, keep one eye on the dish in front of you to see that no one else gets it before you do.

When your plate is piled up so that you can get no more on it, fill your mouth until you are ready to choke. At this critical moment, turn to your neighbor and begin a conversation. Dead horses, cattle, or hogs is a very suitable topic for discussion.

During the course of the meal, spill everything which can or cannot be reached. If you are asked to pass the bread, just pick up one slice in your fingers and hurl it to whoever wants it. Empty your water glass and continually ask for more. While talking wave your knife and fork in everyone's face and be sure to pound on the table for emphasis.

If you will follow these few simple rules, you will find that you will not have to worry about being popular.

What's In A Name? Plenty

V. G.

Class of '43

Schoolfield, remember that a "Penny" earned is a "Penny well" saved.

You'd better "Hyde" Randall before she "Flowers."

Bill, I "Adair" you to take to the "Rhodes" I "Marvil" that Hoyt has someone to off her heartbreak.

"Hahn" those freshman gentlemen of Phyllis.

Sonny, "Reed-ing" too much will hurt eyes.

Marjorie has a "Peine" "Wright" in her hair.

A-Pun My Word

It looks O-Kay to us! If you don't like it, Just ask Ed Bowen. It appears that "Ed" thinks Easton has its points too!

Speaking of the Senior Eds, Hayman has his "Powell"!

I suppose everything is looking "Slemmer" John Reed. A flaming crowning glory he is!

Slemmer's chances with Betsey will be "mer and slimmer" if the Count doesn't like those Sunday afternoon strolls with a friend — "the mice will play you know"!

Betty is still "Cary-in" on, but she has a variety this year. Eh, what, Swiv?

Nita! Jua-nita! We'll hand it to you if you reformed our avowed woman hater! "neet" job we'd say.

He must bear the "Sterling" stamp, but it certainly seems genuine, doesn't it, Lucille?

What was that we heard, Wayne? "Cawley" up the hall? And now, just tell us if you were after and why didn't you go for yourself?

Whoa, Horsey! Is this a good "Apples"?

You Can Be Chic

ORPAH PUSEY

Class Of '44

Every college girl covets the title, "best-dressed." All of us, it is true, cannot be the best dressed in our respective classes, but by obeying a few simple rules, we can come near the goal for which we are striving.

The requirements for being a well dressed girl are: first, the colors worn must blend with each other and with the wearer's complexion. If we are merely slaves to fashion and try to wear the newest colors, we often secure a very displeasing effect. This may be illustrated by the use of the popular shade, chartreuse. This yellowish-green shade should certainly be avoided by all those whose skin is the least bit sallow. Usually when we plan a costume, the results will be more satisfactory if we follow a specific color scheme. Hue is not the all-important thing in combining colors; for value, intensity, and area distribution should also be considered.

The second requirement is suitability to the individual type of wearer. There are many types of girls — for example, the athletic, and the feminine. The athletic type should wear tailored clothes. Imagine how ridiculous a young "tom-boy" would look in frills and ruffles. On the other hand, the tiny feminine figure would look equally strangely dressed in a severely tailored suit. The object of developing good taste in the selection of clothes is so that each woman may express herself.

The third requirement is to be well-groomed. Real beauty depends on the genuine and the natural. The beautiful woman cultivates health. She has the natural beauty of sparkling eyes, clear skin, and glistening hair. No matter how the hair is arranged, it cannot be attractive if it is greasy or dirty.

By following the rules mentioned above, even the average college girl can make a long stride toward being chic and well-dressed.

A FRIEND

One who makes no demands,
And without asking why, just understands.
(Reprinted from "The Norm")

Phone 990

Camden Avenue

SALISBURY DRY CLEANING AND DYE WORKS

J. PAUL PHILLIPS, Proprietor

C. A. Blizzard

JEWELER

FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS, GIFTS

321 E. Main St.

Salisbury, Md.



STAR LAUNDRY

CALL 2272

111 OLIVE ST.



SALISBURY, MD.

JOHN A. KUHN

JEWELER

STIEFF STERLING SILVER

Main Street

Salisbury, Md.

ROYAL CROWN COLA

AND

NEHI BEVERAGES

Phone 1038

Salisbury, Md.

Victor Lynn Lines, Inc.

DEPENDABLE FREIGHT SERVICE

Johnny's Confectionery

S. Division St., opposite Fire House

SODAS

SANDWICHES

CURB SERVICE

— Phone 184 —

DEL-MAR-VA

MASTER

CLEANERS AND DYERS

— Phone 42 —

230 S. Division St.

Salisbury, Md.

W. W. GAVIN

I. C. C. Certificates

GENERAL HAULING

Padded Vans

Furniture Storage

Phones 572 - 473

Salisbury, Md.

Blunders....

(Reprinted from the "Tower Light")

All brutes are imperfect animals. Man is the perfect beast.

Christians are allowed only one wife. called monotony.

A man who looks on the bright side of is called an optimist. One who looks at the side is called a pianist.

A philosopher is a man who makes of a bad job. Socrates is called a philosopher because he didn't worry much when he was wrong.

A sincere friend is one who says nasty to your face instead of your back.

If it wasn't for our breath we should have slept and never wake up.

A stethoscope is a spy glass for looking other people's chests with your ears.

Thomas A. Becket lived a dissipated life. Three nights killed him.

Key

DO YOU KNOW YOUR SCHOOL?

1. 220.
2. Margaret Black.
3. maroon and gold.
4. 1935.
5. 6.
6. 7.
7. Dr. Blackwell.
8. 13,000.
9. 1935.
10. Dr. Caruthers.
11. 4.
12. 4. Dr. Caruthers, Dr. Matthew Thomas, Miss Ruth.
13. 17.
14. 3.
15. Oh, we shall love thy name forever.
16. 12.
17. Faculty.
18. 50.
19. 1932.
20. b. and d.

S. T. C. Versus Webster

Upon entering State Teachers College, I learned a new meaning for the word "rat." According to Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Edition Four, a rat is a small rodent infesting houses, barns, sheds, and so forth; and having long ears, a slender head, and a long scaly tail. The meaning of the word as a sophomore states it is — a freshman who's getting the works!!

N. A.

Younger Sister

(Continued from page 17)

and devil faces, each looking like Rhoda . . . and yet, not like her . . . She felt overwhelmed, stifled by the devil faces . . . She screamed in terror; her finger tightened on the trigger. There was a great roar! Another scream that was mingled with her own, and then for a brief moment — nothingness.

When the mists cleared away from her brain, she saw her father bending over the figure of someone on the floor, near the table. She walked closer, and with a sort of wry surprise, realized that it was Rhoda . . . only Rhoda was dead, and her bright blood stained the front of the gay dress that she wore. Big Mike was weeping in great hoarse sobs, as younger sister had never heard him weep before . . . She saw her brothers' white sick faces in the darkness of the background; Jim's tall form by the window. She could even see herself standing there with shoulders bent under the weight of the gun which dangled at her side. Oddly enough, she felt no regret.

Rather she felt a sense of triumph, even though Rhoda had been her own sister.

"She can never harm me again," she thought, "I'm free. No matter what happens now, she can't do anything about it."

And with a slight smile on her face, she handed the gun to Jim.

HORLACHER

DELIVERY SERVICE

Phone 678

Salisbury, Md.

ENDICOTT JOHNSON

Shoes For The Entire Family

RALPH & GASKILL

YOUNG MEN'S SHOP

"All That's New For The Young Man"

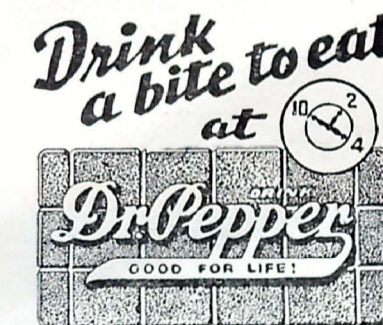
127 Main St.

Salisbury, Md.

Buy Life Insurance For
Investment and Protection
Continental American
Life Insurance Co.

HARLAND W. HUSTON, Mgr.

Salisbury, Md.



E. G. Davis Candy Co.
WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERS

FOUNTAIN & SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Distributors:

SCHRAFFT'S CHOCOLATES

BLACKMAN'S FOUNTAIN SYRUPS

Telephone 317

Salisbury, Md.



THE SHORES LEADING DRINK

5c EVERYWHERE 5c

RUN RIGHT TO

READ'S

DRUG STORES

WORTHY

OF YOUR

CONFIDENCE

101 W. Main Street

Salisbury, Md.

Phone 1028

Don't forget to attend
the soccer game next
Saturday, Nov. 2, '40
Westchester vs S.T.C.

A wisp of hair—
A silver thread—
I realize
Time takes her
Slowly
From me.

(Reprinted from "The North Star")

Mattaponi

(Continued from page 7)

two large warehouses were built. The boats docked there brought in goods of every description needed by the people and carried out of the area eggs, logs, etc. Horses and carts were used in unloading and loading the boats.

Mattaponi is noted especially for the ferry which connected the private wharf and the Adams wharf on the other side of the river. It was cared for by Mr. and Mrs. David Webb, Jr.

A cannery was established at Mattaponi where tomatoes and potatoes were canned. The cannery seemed ideal for the times as deliveries of goods could conveniently be made at the docks. Manufactured articles could be shipped by freight. This factory afforded seasonal employment for men, women, and children.

With the turn of the century, the construction of modern highways and motor transportation found this once prosperous community, formerly bound together by its church, school, ship building, store and ferry, disintegrating. Baltimore steamers no longer make the regular run. The steamers on the Snow Hill-Pocomoke no longer ply the waters of the Pocomoke River.

On February 1, 1940, mail service was discontinued on the rural route, known as #3 from the Snow Hill office serves those still living in the neighborhood.

Today the old school is gone as are a number of old buildings of interest, most of them having been destroyed by fire. Mattaponi is past

ULMAN SONS

Salisbury, Md.

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME

Kinney Shoes

Educator Shoes

G. R. Kinney Co., Inc.

Main Street

Salisbury, Md.

College Cash Market

Meats — Groceries

Notions

College Avenue

Phone 688

VISIT

The Gordy Drug Company

Salisbury's Prescription Pharmacy

Only the Best in Drug Store Merchandise

FREE DELIVERY

Phone 809

313 E. Main St.

WILLING'S

Commercial Stationers

Office Outfitters

323 E. Main Street

Salisbury, Maryland



Phone 379

Salisbury, Md.

SMITH DRESS SHOP

Headquarters for GIRL'S SWEATERS, SKIRTS & AND SPORT DRESSES

244 Main Street

Salisbury, Md.

YOUNG PEOPLE from cradle to college have made this their headquarters for smart shoes. They have made this their headquarters for shoes lasted to wear. They have made this their headquarters for shoes priced to fit most every budget. Come shop. Come compare. Discover for yourself.

LESNAR'S
Ultra Smart Shoes

RUSSELL P. WHITE

JEWELER

KIRK STERLING SILVER

LAVERY'S

FRESH SEA FOODS

Ann & Baker Sts.

Salisbury, Md.

SHAD'S BARBER SHOP

W. BYRON SHADBURN, Proprietor

Your Patronage is Solicited

Market Street, near Main

Salisbury, Md.

PHONE

1234

Conleys

"WANTS TO BE YOUR CLEANER"

Phone 377

Phone 377



FROM

LEWIS MORGAN & SON

Brings to You

E—ENGINEERING by Competent
Factory Trained Men.

S—SALES Tested and Guaranteed
Oil Burning Equipment.

S—SERVICE 24 Hours a Day
by 5 Service Men.

O—OIL, the Modern Fuel Refined by
Standard Oil of N. J.

Phone 377 SALISBURY, MD. Phone 377

The Bad Men of S.

OR WHO'S AFRAID OF RA

Time: It's Done Happened

Place: Ye Olde Alma Mammy

Author: Yehudi

A confident, swaggering sophomore slowly down the hall. Alack and al down the corridor is a poor, innocent college terminology this specimen is a member of the rodent genus, but only a Enough of this doggerel — let us put our epic.

The old meanie, the sophomore, with authority and "Evening in Paris" qu frosh, "Sound off."

The "rat" in meek and subdued members, "A (sir) rat (sir) means—"

The soph, enraged shouts. "What. 'I mean 'is' (sir)," the freshman

The scene changes to special privilege given through the special courtesy of sophomores. True, the freshmen will sure in their hearts the joyful times a "tea" parties or receptions.

Of course, one must not neglect to cooperative spirit that the freshman "rat" night. The proverbial "good time" by all. The music was furnished by "Killer-Diller" boys. Well, anyway there. I believe it will do well to refreshments here and now. I must here for their paucity, due, of course cost of living. Other than our special no other luxuries of note were prevalent to take this opportunity to thank them for their splendid job of cleaning up the situation. (Say, I'd like to know if you work algebra that easily?)

Sincerely, though, I firmly believe the Sophs and Frosh had an enjoyable the period that "rat" rules were in

Signed—The Supreme War Lord
Witness—The Little Man Who

THE LEE SHOPPE

Salisbury, Maryland

APPAREL FOR JUNIORS AND MISSES

SCHLEISNER CO.

Fashion Capitol of the Eastern Shore

SALISBURY, MD.

Travel Red Star Motor Coaches
for One-Third The Cost of
Driving Your Own Car

R.E. Powell & Co.

"THE SHORE'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE"

. . . in Salisbury

LEEDS & TWILLEY

MILLINERS

120 Main Street

Salisbury, Md.

Southern Dairies

ICE CREAM

Phone 414

Salisbury, Md.

KEEP TUNED TO

WBOC

YOUR STATION

1500 k.c.

You Will Want To Attend:

The Hallowe'en Party November
The Westchester-S.T.C. Game November
The Athletic Association Dance ... November
"Heidi"—Claire Tree Major Play .. November
The Freshman Formal December

The Evils of Procrastination

OR WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?

The chemical composition of carbon chloride is — oh me, I just can't get this. Here it is 10:45 P.M., and I'm just getting started. Ward, won't you put down those drumsticks for a minute and let me concentrate on this stuff — chemistry?

Boy, listen to Glenn Miller and his "light Serenade." Yeah, I know tomorrow's exam and I've got to review now (well, I should say read this stuff.)

Now comes the theme or rather the music of this story. Fellow students, don't do today what you can do tomorrow. Pardon, don't do tomorrow what you can do today.

Little do students realize the amount of work that could be accomplished in spare moments if they were properly utilized. Take it from me, I know, if I were to use every spare study minute during the day, I would have few lessons to do that evening. (You probably have guessed, my policy has been to do as I say and not as I do. That is probably the reason I'm cramming.)

Now let me see, carbon tetrachloride is composed of — oh me, I give up!

THE HOLL

Holloway Funeral Home

AIR CONDITIONED

Established 1883

Phone 154

Salisbury, Md.

THE WOMAN'S STORE OF THE EASTERN SHORE—THE WOMAN'S STORE OF THE EASTERN SHORE—

Benjamins
SALISBURY

WHERE ALL THE SHORE SHOPS
FOR QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICES

YOUNG LADIES CROWD OUR YOUNGER CROWD SHOP FOR THE STYLES THEY WANT

THE WOMAN'S STORE OF THE EASTERN SHORE—THE WOMAN'S STORE OF THE EASTERN SHORE—

HAPPINESS BEGINS

AT HOME—Make yours a happy home with the kind of furniture you have always dreamed about. Make your home the showplace and envy of your friends. Do it easily and inexpensively with furniture from Feldman Bros . . . and pay for it on the famous home improvement plan.

FELDMAN

BROS — 112-114 Market
- - - - - SALISBURY